HIXMIN.

The following original hymn was sung by the children of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's Sunday "chool. Boston, on Monday last, in a sequestered spot in Newton, to which they had repaired for a rural cel-

> Let the still air rejaice-Be every vonthful voice
> Blended in one:
> While we renew our strain To Him with joy again.
> Who sends the evening rain, And morning sun.

His hand in beauty gives Each flower and dant that lives, Each sunny rill, Springs! which our footsteps meetuntains! our lips to greet-Water-! whose taste is sweet. On rock and hill.

Each summer bird that sings. Drinks from dear nature's springs, Her early dew, And the refreshing shower Falls on each sunny flower. Giving it life and power, Fragrant and new.

So let each faithful child Drink of this fountain mild. From early youth : Then shall the song we raise, Be heard in future days, Ours be the pleasant ways Of peace and truth

Now let each beart and hand, Or all this youthful band, United, move! Till on the mountain's brow. And in the vale below. Our land may ever glow, With peace and love,

PROM THE BRISTOL MERCURY. The Bristol Banker.

It is not in royal circles and in noble mansions that the materials of thrilling remance to exclusively deposited. The natural disposit on of minkind to look upwards-the common spring of our reverence for the Deity, as well as for exalted human greatness, has taught the writers of romance to choose the more el vated scenes of life for the creation of the most durable and pervading inte est. But the lower regions of life hav also their peculiar attraction in the eyes of the true poet and genu ine painter; and high-born dams Is have wept at the field, acknowl dging the ciains of kind of hu- m the post chaise."

"The short but simple annals of the poor." The middle paths of life have also their romance. Not even the inveterate and soul-crushing pursuit of gain can wholly extinguish fieling; and hearts will still be found to throb with te der or violent emotion, even smidst the clink of money-

manity, have heard, with sympathy,

bags; for the tides of human passion, like those of the mighty Grean, will continue to flow to all time; and though Mammon may blunt, he cannot wholly deaden, the master-power of love.

Edward Walton was a rich banker of Bristol,-Young and hand-ome, and of an ardent temperament, in spite of all his weal h he never knew real harpiness. Of a dark and suspicious charachis batred, be was a man whose existence hung ever. Like the moon's sphere, it had a dark and sha lowy side; and it depended upon circumst nces altogether extrinsic, whether it shone forth brightly and cheerfully, or ended in total eclipse.

Mr. Walton was but recently married to a se cond cousin of his, the daughter of an Englishman long engaged in extensive banking transactions at Nantes. In a worldly point of view, this was an excellent match. Elica Semerten was a charming woman, as well as a wealthy heiress; but Eliza was beleved by a young Vendean, named Henri de Cormon, the sen of a French nouleman of the ancient school, full of aristocratic prejudices. Eliza had loved him in turn. Brought up from infancy at Nantes, her sympathics and manners were entirely French; and Henri, one of the noblest and bravest youths in La Vendee, had but I tle difficulty in waning her heart. But he father, a rigid old courtier, was inexorable; it was mot in his nature to stoop to a plebian connexion, even in consideration of a large accession of wealth; and the proposition of a marriage was peremptorily broken off.

This crude negotiation was speedily succeed d by an arrangement between the Nantes banker with Eliza. That interview took place upon this and the elder M . Walton, who were in constant correspondence, for the union of the hopes of their respective houses. A mystery hung over the career of the latter. His character precisely resem- lieved the worst, though his honor stood men the bled that of his son. He was sonfore and suspi- slightest risk of being tarnished. clous to an extreme. He had been deceived, some years before, by his wife, who had disappeared no one knew how; and, though suspicions were darkly hinted as to the circumstance, Walton's great wealth, together with the loose mode in Henri could not remain sile at; his heart was too which Co oners discharge their functions in the full. last century, prevented it from becoming the subject of judicial inquiry. Young Walton resided for two months at Nantes, in the house of Miss | you!" Somerton's father, subsequently to the marriage. which was celeb ated shortly after bis arrival. Toring that interval he heard but little of Le Cormon; yet even that little was enough to awaken dark thoughts in the breast of a man of his tembetrament. It was as a he's do him to suspect that fathomless abyes. Henri, perhaps it is weakness

SUNBURY AMERICAN

AND SHAMORIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism .- Jappaneses.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Po. Saturday, September 12, 1810.

Vol. I .-- No. 1.

onsolation to him to learn that De Cormon had fell thing territle." in an encounter between the troops and the peaantry, which took place about that period in La Vendee. The troubles of that ill-fated province precipitated Walton's departure, and he returned with his beautiful bride to Bristol just as his father had made his will, and only a few days before, a noise-yes; there is some one in the saloon." troubled with strange and bloody fantasies, which rendered it necessary to exclude every domestic from his chamber, he bre thed his last in the arms of his son.

After the lapse of a year, without any promise of the blessing of children, which preyed deeply upon Walton's glo my mind, a piece of intelligence was one evening conveyed to the banker by a confidenti I servant, which darkened his brow ato the deepest scowl which it had worn for many a day, and infused into his eyes an ominous and

Upon entering his drawing-room where his wife was se ted slone, (for Walton little encouraged the access of visiters,) he informed her that important business summoned him that night to Bath.

Mr. Waiton was plunged in a deep reverie for the remainder of the evening, except at intervals, when he gaz d pryingly at his companion. The distress of his poor wife was evident. A dark suspicious man, such as Mr. Walton, could not be mistaken as to these tokens; and all the efforts which Eliza made to cooceal her off ction, only tended to increase his suspicions. Midnight had just sounded, and almost at the same instant the rolling of a carriage was heard.

"This is my post chai-e," said Mr. Walton, rifore gight days shall have elapsed."

The banker having again embraced his wife, in a soft but intimidating secent, which cut short

"No, my dear Eliza," he said, "the air is too cold; go to bed quickly; nay, I insist on it." then felding his chak around him, he left the room, and shut the door after him.

ces in the outer saloon, than calling his servant, he said to him, in a deep and imperious voice, " Joseph, take my closk, conceal your face; should reading, and men distinguished in the Senate and any one speak, give no answer, and take my place the head of a winding stair-case. All this streng-

> He then threw a large 'ravelling cloak around Joseph's shoulders, pushed him to the door, and hastened to a smill room adjoining the saloon, He opened a chest of drawers, from which he took a brace of loaded pistols, placed them on a table, and applying his ear to the door, brestaless, pale whole house, and every instant became more by all that's sacred, let me go! I beg of you as I well knowing what it was he waited for, but persnaded that he was about to avenge a crime.

All in the house had by this time retired to bed; every thing was as silent as the grave. Walton tion which the fugitive had taken. By the light still preserved the same attitude, listening (so to speak) to the silence, which was only interrupted by the pulsation of his ar eries and the irregular palpitations of his heart. Su dealy the noise of a ter, of strong passions, excessive in his love as in key turning in its lock, fell upon his ear. The door which he heard opening was one of commuupon slender threads. A breath might ruffle it for nication between the saloon and his wife's bedroom. He seized a pis of in each hand, and was in the act of rushing out, when a frightful scream was heard: it was an agonizing, piercing, lamentable cry; but it did not proceed from Mrs. Walton's bed-room; it was from below stairs, where bis offices were situated. Walton listened for a moment attentively. The acreams increased, and ecame more dis inct; the horrid cry of "Murder!" rose upon his ear. Walton rushed into the darkness; in passing through the siloon, he struck with violence against a man who was making to wards a staircase that led to the offices. Watton started back for a moment in horror.

We must now retrace our steps a little. Scarcely had Mr. Walton left his wife's apartment, when she, whose heart, from excessive fear, had almost ceased to beat, ran to an adjoining room. In that room Henri De Cormon was come aled!

In this concealment there was neither guilt nor shame. De Cormon had been severely but not dangerously wounded in La Vendee, Forced to fly from France with hundreds of his countrymen, he had sought refuge in England, had sol cited and obtained, with great difficulty, an interview very evening; and it was the f st. An officious and prying domestic had perceived them together, and carried the intelligence to Walton, who be-

Mrs. Walton opened the door with a tremblion hand, as if fearful of her husband being still within hearing. She seized Henri by the Land, and motioned him to preserve the stric est selence. But

"Eliza!" said ne in a voice senrely audible, "ah! what lone I done! I have all but ruined

"Shence! in the name of Heaven!"

"But he is gone; you have nothing more to

"Yes, but if he be not gone! Who knows? Oh! that man is impenetrable! his heart is a

she had ever loved another; and it was no small in me, but I tremble: I have a forezight of some- | were not yet well opened, could recognise him and | think that the hight and alarm had deranged his

As she spoke, her limbs shook, and a universal shivering came over her. Henri supported her against his bosom.

"Hend," said she, extending a hand to the door which led to the saloon, "not a word! I hear "I hear nothing," said Henri, in a low voice.

listening with the most profound attention.

"Hush! some one has stopped at the doorheard it quite distinctly : I hear some one advancing with caution. Yes, it still continues, but more softly-the carpet smothers the noise of his feet. Oh! I conjure you, remain in this chamber. me one is watching us! yes, no doubt it is one of the servants, whom Mr. Walton has ordered to

"No, it is impossible, Eliza," said Henri. Set one of the servants to watch you! That were too cowardly-too infamous !"

The noise in the saloon had now ceased. Eliza no longer heard the slightest sound in the house; but her fears remained undiminished. She looked with terror to the fatal consequences which might result from De Cormon's nocturnal visit. How could she get him out of the house without being perceived! But some means should be resorted to. Not only her reputation, but her duty to her husband obliged her to break, as quickly as possible, this perilous conversation.

The ardent youth threw himself at her feet; he smiled and weptiat the same time. The key turning in the door made a slight noise. Till now. Mr. Walton had not heard the slightest sound, sing "Farewell dear Eliza, do not expect me bes The distance which separated him from the cham ber of Eliza was considerable, comprising the extent of a large saloon. But the turning of the quickly left the room. She wished to accompany key in the lock caught the banker's attentive ear, him to the outer door, but her husband forbade her It was then that he rushed to the table, took his pistols, and ran forward in the darkness. El za's door was shut abruptly.

When Walton knocked against a man in the dark, his first impulse was to seize him; and in his eagerness he let one of the pistols fall on the carpet. But the mysterious person was possessed of The banker had no sooner proceeded a few pa. much muscular strength, and with one arm loos sened his grasp He th n ran into the antechamber, flew through a suite of rooms with the rapidity of lightning, and passed into a dressing-to-m at gling, and fight in the dark, took plac in an instant. But while this was proce-ding, another furious and bloody struggle was carried on in a distant part of the house, and drawned the noise produced by this brief conflict. It was then that the cries of "Murder!" sesounded through the frightfully thrilling. them, for the blood was boiling in his arteries, and hissed and whistled in his eurs. Mad with rage and despair, he discharged his pis of in the dir ce struck him, for when Walton fired, t e man had his knee from Bloxam's chest, he adowed him to descended several steps upon the sair-case, and minutes all the servants were up, and called out tell no one that you saw me here. Keep it a se each other's names in frightful dismay.

Henri (for it was he) in his rapid flight upset chairs, and tables covered with papers and accounts, The cries of the victim, as Heori approached near er, were becoming feebles and less d stinct; but he could plainly hear the last struggle of the unfortunate being, and was able to see through the door, which was open, two men contending with deadly fury. Obeying no instinct but that of courage, and deaf to all but the voice of humanity, he rushed to the door, and there a dreadful spectacle presented itself to his view. Two men were clutched in mortal conflict on a bed, the clothes of which, all covered with blood, were lying in a heap on the floor. One of these men, who appeared to have been surprised in his sleep, was lying on his back. almost naked; his convulsed limbs were drawn up against the breast of his assassin, who, leaning over him, endeavored to strongle him, by twisting violently, with both hands, the other's cravat. The chest of the recomberts man was literally riddied with stabs; and the blood, which escaped from the divided arteries, obeying the force which impelled it, spouted at intervals in the face of the murderer. Clothes were lying in desorder on the chairs around, and strewed upon the floor; a candle, which doubtless had been knocked down in the struggle, was still burning. This room was cont guous to 'ne banker's strong box, to arrive at which it was also utely necessary to pass through the room in question, which served as a sort of an-Schamber to it. It was there that Michael Bland. the banker's most confidential servant, slept, Whilst this man slombered heavily, fatigue and robber endeavored to force the locks and beits of the door which led from Bland's bed room to the room where the backer's money was deposited. But this long and difficult operation could not be accomplished without noise, and Michael, whose on the precious deposit committed to his charge, swoke suddenly, crying out "Robbert" with a gled by night-mare. It was then that the robber. seeing himself discovered, sprang upon the drunken guardian, before the unfortunate man, whose eyes

spread the alarm through the house. The struggle was bloody and terrible. Michael did not get time to cry out a second time, when already the dagger | tionless, his eyes fixed, and incapable of uttering a had inflicted several wounds in his breast. He was, however, a man of great vigor. With a convulsive effort he raised himself on his knees, and seizing his enemy by the hair, endeavored to force him to throw his head backwards, so as to be able to see his face, and recognize him in a future peried; but his murderer, though more stender in appearance, was not less muscular, and in twithstanding the torture which he must have felt, he still kept the other down, plunging his dagger incessantly into the breast of his victim.

Henri rushed into the room, sprang upon the assasain, seized him from behind by both arms, and tore him from the bed, all in one instant. But the assassin, though less robust, off-red a strong resistance, and endeavored to regain the dagger which had fallen on the ground, with the intention of despatching his courageous antagonist. Raising the miseralde wretch in his arms, Henri dashed him with violence against the floor, and placing his knee on his chest, held him motionless upon his back. Heuri's face almost touched the murderor's their breathing, loud, rapid, and laborious vas intermingled. Suddenly they gave a simultaneous shout of surprise and dread,

"Max Bloxham!" cried De Cormon.

"Jack Durham!" cried the muruerer at the same

A word or two will explain this recognition. De Cormon had been compalled to assume a feigued name, his own being, as he well knew, utterly hateful to the banker. As he spoke Eng ish well, and was of a romantic and adventurous disposition, he dressed plainly, the better to disguise himself, and to study the manners of the humbler population, mixed in all their rude sports, as one of their own rank, drank with them in their ale houses of an evening, pushed the stone, and wrestled with them upon Sundays. Upon these occasions he had of ten met Blexham, who was in the banker's emplayment, and who frequently, without the banker's knowledge, associated with the loosest characters

"Wretch! you are then an assassin!" exclaimed Henri, with indignation:

"In the name of heaven, don't ruin me!" swered Bloxham, in a supplicating tone. "I sm, indeed, very guitty; but have pity on me! Do not dishonor my family ! Let me escape, I implore you, for heaven's sake !"

They could now hear the servants approaching. "They are coming!" resumed Bloxham, with an expression of indescribable terror. "I beg of you.

"Unfortunate wretch, I take pity on you," said De Cormon, relenting. "In tetting you escape, I evidence, were to a man of the banker's jealous and am committing a crime; but I commiss rate your youth. I take pity on your mother. Fiv. if it be from the flash he saw the ball could not have possible; escape the sc flold." Then removing get up. "Listen!" said he, with earnestness. "I only part of his body was to be seen. In a few also have a fivor to ask of you-whatever impoens. cret, your silence ensures mine."

> But it was too late to fly : the window, secured pen. The noise of steps approaching the adjoinng room, was heard. All the issues were shut Henri, who heard them approaching, made a last effort to open the window, in which he had already parily succeeded; but he felt himself seized by two ands from behind, and a barsh hourse voice cried. in a voice of thunder, at his ear, "Come on! The murderer's here! help me to seize him!" The inmates of the house had now all arrived. Henri ad ju t time to turn round his head; he saw the sile and haggard face of the banker before him. Shut the doors," he cried to the servants, "the villian is here !" "Yes." continued Max Bloxham, in an agitated

> tone, "there he is! You must all assist me, or be will escape," The banker ruched towards the two young men: he recognezed Bloxham.

"Max, you here!" said the banker, in a hourse, How voice. "Who is that man ?" "He is the murderer of Michael Bland!" was the villains unheatsting reply. "I arrived too late." "What! then you are the murderer" said the banker, turning to De Cormon, his eyes fi-shing with rage. "Bloodthirsty wretch!" De Cormon said not a what to say. His chest heaved and fell rapidly; and his nostrii dile ed with proud and beautiful indignation. "Hearing poor Mike's cries," proceed- light, ed Bloxham, "I ran to his assistance, I am not here above a minute," "Infamous villian !" exclaimed the banker, in a voice of thunder, "it was you dropkenness both pressing upon his evelids, the that I pursued a white ago in the dark; it was at you that I fired the pistol on the corridor !" "Yes," replied Bloxham, pale and trembling, "it was me: I did no know from whence the cries proceeded, and I ran blindly brough the house, to give the ideas were concentrated, whether he slept or not, I was, almost deprived me of reason; I ran every decity and almost miraculously calm. He led where through the house; you misto k me, no doubt, for the a-sassin, and you fired at me." "And hourse and feeble voice, as if he were halt stran- I did not kill you?" said Walton, se'ging him by rities having now arrived, quietly ordered De Corthe throat and dragging him to the door.

> Those who witnessed his some, could not comceive the cause of the banker's fury, and began to

mind. Henri, whom the auducious accusation of Bloxham had almost petrified, remained still mo word. "Secure this man," said Walton, pointing to De Cormor, and, leaving the servants stupified with amazement, he Jragged Max Bl xam into an adjoining room, with irre-istible violence; then he double-locked the door, without loosening his hold on the afflighed man.

"Tell me, and do not attempt to conceal any thing-coward !" said Welton, in a deep and threatering voice, that quivered with rage, "Where were you coming from when I met you in the dark ! Speak ! conceal nothing from mc, or I will dash you to pieces, and rample you under my feet. You are the man: is it not so !-confers!"

Blexham was thunderstruck; and joining his hands and throwing honself on his knees, "I swear o you." he said, "I am not guilty : it was not I hat killed Bland," And he embraced the banker's

How can I have pity on you, monster, after what you have done? No, you shall die, and in the presence of your accomplice; it is before her eyes that I mean to immolate you !" and already Mr. Walton was dragging him to the stairs leading to his wife's apartment. Pale and frozen with fear-Bloxham offered no resistance, and let himself be carried like a child.

Mrs. Walton had partly undressed herse'f, and was standing at her bed-room door. The fearful ies, and discharge of fire arms, had reduced her o a state of the most dreadful consternation. She had already divined the truth, that her husband had merely feigned his departure, and dreaded that a collision had taken place between him and Henri, in which the discharge of fire-arms had been fatal to the latter. She was not a nervous woman, yet these hideous nocturnal occurrences had dreadfully witated her.

As the banker dragged Bloxham up the stairs, and met his lady standing at the door, he flung her back, with his left hand, into the middle of the

"What means this brutality ?" she exclaimed, "Behold your paramour!" was the banker's re-

The scene which followed it would be impossible to describe. Proudly conscious of her innoconce, and rep lling with dignity the brutality of her husband, yet feeling that she had gravely erred in giving De Cormon a secret interview, her manner was one continued struggle of firmness with timidity, in which however the former feeling predomi ated. She repelled w th loathing the imputation that she could ever descend to intercourse with the vile being at her feet. But the turning of the man in the dark, and the other circumstantial s ormy mind-

> "-Confirmation strong As proofs from Holy Writ."

Satisfied in his own m nd of the guilt of the par-

ties, he levelled the pistol at Bloxham's head, "Die, infernal traitor!" exclaimed Walton, in tone of the deepest concentrated rage.

"Spar. -spare me, master, and I will tell you all .- You are in error. It is not a poor menial by shutters and iron bars, remained to be forced like me, but a gentleman, who has dishonored you, I know it all !"

> The banker stood for a moment with sale and quivering lips. The next instant he was dragging Bloxam to an adj ining spartment. He doublelocked the door, and raised Bloxam to his legs .-This villian was possessed of extraordinary conning; and having penetrated through De Cormon's disguise from the first, and had his suspicions pointed by some eager inquiries which De-Cormon had made with regard to the banker's domestic arrangements, and more especially as to Mrs. Walton, he had contrived to pick his pocket of a letter which the latter had written to the former in French, and which, though it was as a called book to him, he knew to have proceeded from the banker's lady, for he had seen her hand writing before, and it was signed "Elise." This

le ter he now d ew forth, and gave to Walton. With trembling hands, and eyes almost burstng from their sockers, the banker unfolded the

letter, and devoured its contents. "D mu tion !" he exclaimed, "it is the Vendean. Dead! dead! It was all a scheme-a scheme to accomplish my dishonor, And he clenched his word. Astounded -utterly dismayed, he knew not hands and gnashed his teeth in ungovernable fury. A sudden thought struck him, and irradiated his

whole countenance with a baleful and demoniac

"Max," he said, "I perf. ctly understand your position. I know that the story you trumped up was ut eriy false. But I inquire not now into that. The Frenchman is my bitterest enemy. We must hang him, and upon your evidence, You perceive est

Max nedded his head in approval. The banker vas an altered man. His new design had taken alarm. It was very dark, and the fright in which entire possession of his mind, and he became sud-Bloxham forward to the room, which had been the scene of the fearful struggle, and the police authomon into custody upon the charge of "wilful murder," on the testimony of his servant Bloxham.

As the constables bore the Vendean off, the

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

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CPSixteen lines make a square.

banker's countenance glowed with malignant delight, mingled with intense hatred, for in that for a he traced the original of a miniature which he had discovered some time before in one of his wife's excret drawers, and dashed into a thousand atoms.

The trial took place; and the Vendean was found guilty upon the clearest evidence. Bloxland gave his testimony with all the tact of a most .. complished villian, and was subjected to a very slight cross-examination. De Cormon content 1 himself with declaring his innocence; but not a syllable further would be breathe, farful of compromising his adored Eleca. In the course of a few days, this devoted must r

of love was executed on the scaffold. Never did mortal man die more firmly. He felt that his do-in was inevitable; and would have suffered a thingsand deaths, rather than betray her for whom have he desired to live. The consciousness of innoc. ... h supported him to the last, even when the hole or noose of ignominy was fastened around his through and he died breathing her name!

The moment the news of this frightful con a mation, which her brutal husband carried in . . . umph, reached Mrs. Walton's cars, the world a ging mad. All the care of the most eminent playsicians was vainly expended on her cure. Her case was utterly hopeless. In the private made house, in which she was at length confined, the was pronounced the most complete v incursb ...

The mexorable banker, at the expiration of the years of a remorse so te rible, that earth became a perfect bell to him, was robbed of the bulk of his wealth by the villian whom he had made the strument of his inhuman vengeance; and day hims If with the very d gger with which Blox and had murdered the unfortunate Bland, and we are was adduced in evidence against the chivalines Vendean.

Bloxham becoming beastly drunk upon the fraits f ha ill got plunder, within a month of its -zuie, was drowned like a dog, by his own involui-

A man who has tately wroten a book on theest. pediency of medicine, begins by what he calls and axiom. If your constitution is bad, it is not work repairing; if good, it does not want repair,

An officer at a field day, happened to be throw a from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his a sistance. "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have fallen off."

A good man and his spouse in the West of Engand, who in order to let their neighbors know that they cared those affleted with agues as well as the jaundice, hung out a sign on which was inscribed, "I cures a goose and my wife cures the ganders,"

The late Rev. Mr. G. happening one day to go into the church-yard whilst the beadle was busily employed, neck deep in a grave, throwing up the mould and bones to make way for another custmer, thus accosted bim: "Wall, Saunders, that's a work you're employed in well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder to dinna repent o' your evil ways." The old worthy. resting himself on the head of a spudo, and taking a pinch of enuff, replied, "I thought, sir, ye had kent there was no repentance in the grave!"

Two Irishmen going to London through St. AL bans, one of them a ked a man by the road side how many miles it was to London, to which he replied twenty. "Arrah," said one of them, "an shall not reach London to night." "Pooh," sava the other, "come along, it is but ten miles a-piece.

INDOCENCE OF GENIUS .-- It was said of the great Dr. Johnson, who was accustomed to read in bed, that rather than get up and blow his light out, he would frequently throw his boot at it !

Thompson the poet, was found with both his hands in his pockets cating apples from a tree! PARTY SPIRIT .- Would you comprehend all

HELL in one word, call it Party, or a spirit of facion .- Lard Orrery. Dayness sess .- The eight of a Drunkard is a

better sermon against that vice, then the best that was ever preached .- Saville. FLATURAT .- Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver, and adulation is not of more service

to the people than to Kings .- Burke When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself .- Zimmer,

SECRESY .- What is mine, even to my life, is er's I love; but the secret of my friend is no

mine - Sir P. Sidney. AMBITION. -- Ambition, like love, can abide no lingering: and ever urgeth on its own successes, bating nothing but what may stop it.

"Better to sit in Freedom's halt, With a cold damp floor and a mould'ring wall, Than bend the nack, and bow the kace,

In the proudest palace of slavery.

SLAVERY .- Death is natural to man, but Sieves ry unnatural, and the moment you strip a man or his Liberty, you strip hi of all his vicines; you convert his heart into a dark hole, in which all the vices conspire against him .- Burke.

VANITY .- The Vanity of hangen life is like a tiver, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming on .- Pope.

CTI is a striking coincidence, that Gen. Jackson's Veto of the United Sintes Bank and Mr. You Buren's approval of the Sub-Treasury Bill, bell transpired on the Forum or Jux.

"Up jump'd our devil, in a rage, And set two lines to fill the page